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THE MINDS OF CHILDREN.

I KNOW nothing more intensely interesting, or at the same time more affecting, than the minds of children. In a great measure they are a sealed-up mystery, and must remain so, because at their most interesting stage the child has neither language nor power to record their operations, and, when that record could be made, the peculiar character has long since disappeared, or become so entirely mixed up with other things, as to have no longer individuality or identity. Perhaps, of all minds that have revealed themselves intimately to us on paper, none ever retained more of the simplicity and singleness of feeling peculiar to childhood, than Charles Lamb and his inimitable sister. Going back, as it were, into the early history of their own minds, and putting off at every step the habitudes, notions, and feelings of mature life, they became again little children while they wrote down those beautiful histories contained in "Mrs Leicester's School." We find there no condescension of intellect; no unnatural simplifying of language; no science written in monosyllables; nothing, in short, which, while parents pronounce it excellent, children reject—and, after all, children are invariably the best judges of children's books; but all natural, simple, true: and while we read them, recollections of our own earliest feelings come back; we get glimpses, as it were, into that far-off land, from which time, care, sorrow, and, perhaps, error, seemed to have removed us for ever. I know men who cannot read these little histories without tears, less from any affecting narrative they may contain, than because they recall, in all its touching simplicity, the unworldly and tender spirit of their own childhood.

But from these excellent little books, let us turn to little children themselves; and, first, it is of early infancy that I will say a few words. Many people maintain that all young children are alike; these have very little knowledge of the subject, or very little observation. Setting entirely aside the circumstances of dress—for a child in a daintily embroidered cap, and a robe which cost two or three guineas, must of necessity look very different to the one in a coarse cotton hood, and a frock made from its poor mother's best gown—there are important differences in the aspects of children, which it will here be our pleasure to trace.

There are some delicate, pale, and dark-eyed infants, with long dark eye-lashes, that have a certain pensive and sentimental air, altogether unlike the expression of such young life. One could fancy, that, if they knew our language, they would relate some sweet but melancholy history of pre-existence; or else that they brooded with sad apprehension on the future, which they mournfully contrasted with former happiness passed away for ever. Such an expression, though by no means common, is wonderfully touching.

There is another, and the most painful expression of all, which belongs to the children of the miserably poor. It conveys the idea of a mind prematurely developed, as if, while yet but a few months old, they had lived so much in the atmosphere of hard thrift and misery, as to have become care-worn, anxious, and depressed; as if they had already passed through the withering experience of a life. One feels as if their hearts were locked-up fountains of wretchedness, and as if their feeble speechlessness were only an aggravation of their misery. They have the look of patient victims; of creatures subdued down to the pitch of their misery, by—one shudders to think what

process. God help such, for the compassion of man can avail them little!

How different from such children is the merry, arch, graceless, sunburnt little imp that hangs laughing at the gipsy's back! You see at a glance that it is a little animal all over; that it has no premature development of mind; that it desires neither your sympathy nor your pity; that it overflows with exuberant health; is strong-limbed and rosy-cheeked, and wants for nothing. It lies in its mother's arms, or hangs at her back, staring about with its wild black eyes at the green boughs under which they travel, or mimicking the birds that sing in them, with its pleasant, shrill, little voice. It is a creature that will never be troubled with sensibilities, that possesses in itself all that will suffice for its wants; and only to see it, is to have a joyous feeling.

But whatever the child may be, if we study it attentively, we shall soon be aware of the mind at work; and in this there always appears to me something intensely interesting, as well as affecting. How earnestly will a child fix its eyes upon an object, evidently absorbing its little faculties by an examination, "taking in knowledge at an entrance;" then, with a satisfied expression of countenance, as if it thought it knew all about it, turning to some new object! The process, however, must be long, and many times repeated, before ideas connect themselves with things, before recognition can be made, comparisons drawn, or knowledge can correct itself: yet of all this process how very little we know! Children often seem to say very absurd things, for which they are ridiculed or abashed; nothing, however, can be crueler than this, for the child has merely done what many a philosopher has done before him—jumped to a wrong conclusion; and if, instead of being ridiculed, and made to distrust himself, and avoid the venturing his little speculations before us in future, we had been at the trouble of carefully examining his notions, we should have discovered how naturally, perhaps, the idea had arisen, or how ingeniously, through a lack of knowledge, the little mind had put together incongruous things. I remember, when a very young child, asserting that there was a great lion on a hill opposite our house. The thing was declared impossible, ridiculous; and after my vainly endeavouring to establish the fact on the evidence of having seen it every day, I was altogether silenced as a foolish child. I remember very well the mortification I felt; especially as, to my senses, the lion still remained there, although I carefully avoided mentioning it. Before long, however, I must have forgotten all about it, for I remember, also, that, instead of the lion which used to stand on the hill, I saw afterwards two dark fir-trees, sufficiently near for the heads to form one mass, but with their stems considerably apart. I wondered how it was that I had never seen them before; but the fact was, I had formerly imagined them to be a lion, but in the interval had become sufficiently acquainted with the distant outline of trees to recognise them for what they were.

Who, too, that has any knowledge of very young children, has not seen them sink into a profound reverie, the eye unemployed, and the whole mind introverted—evidently cogitating, in what is familiarly called a brown study? Sometimes a laugh and a start terminate this reverie, as if a pleasant thought had occupied the mind, and the result had been altogether satisfactory. At other times, a long sigh, and a look of vague and often painful wonder, brings the little wanderer back. What has been the idea in this case? Perhaps some shadowy sentiment of sorrow or apprehension. Many an infant Jesus is represented in this very state of abstraction, with that gentle, thoughtful

expression of countenance, which suits so well the childhood of him who was expressively the man of sorrow. But it is this mysterious foreknowledge or anticipation of grief which makes the mind of a child so peculiarly affecting. Do we inherit it from a long line of suffering and sorrowful ancestors, or is it a part of the original mind of man? I think it is, inasmuch as sorrow is the condition of humanity; and although thorns and thistles might not grow in the garden of Eden, their seeds were in the earth which was our destined home, ready to spring up into a plentiful growth the moment man set his foot out of Paradise.

Let me now close this paper with the true account of a little girl's first knowledge of death. Mary was about four years old, and her brother Charles was in his third year. A more lovely pair of children never blessed the eyes of the same mother, yet never did two present a more striking contrast. They were both remarkably fair, with sunny locks and blue eyes, but the girl was the more delicately formed. Her little frame possessed the most perfect symmetry and buoyant activity; yet the suns of summer, or the keen winds of winter, failed to summon into her pale but vivacious countenance more than a momentary glow. Her brother was the very personification of strong, boyish health, beauty, and humour. He was broad and robust, and his face was a round exhibition of merry eyes, plump ruddy cheeks, and a wide row of white teeth, that were ever and anon displayed by the most cordial laughter.

The parents watched the growth of their girl with trembling—for their boy they feared nothing; he appeared made to weather all the storms of humanity. In this respect they were doomed to endure a bitter disappointment. An illness, as violent as it was unlooked for, carried him to the grave in a few days. Dearly as Mary loved her brother, and quick as was her perception, yet when he lay moaning on his mother's knee, and her father, as he hung over him in inexpressible anguish, said, "Are you not sorry for poor Charlie, now he is so ill?" she, who had had no experience of death, only replied by an earnest assurance that he would soon be better. But when her weeping parents said to her, "Mary, you have no longer a brother; dear Charlie is dead!" and taking each a hand, led her to where the little corpse was laid, upon the bed in which they had so often nestled together, it was a beautiful and touching sight to see the unaffected workings of her pure, unpractised heart. Without any symptom of surprise or alarm at the change, which before she could not comprehend, she took his little cold hand, said "Charlie," in a tone of most touching tenderness, and, laying her head mutely on his bosom, burst into tears.

A beautiful sight it was to behold her thoughtful and innocent countenance, and to see how in full and perfect faith she drank in all that her father told her, as he said, "My darling, you must not think that little lifeless form is Charlie. It is only a part of him. We have all a soul as well as a body. The soul is that within us which *thinks*, and *speaks*, and *loves*. It only inhabits the body, as we inhabit a house for a time. When the soul departs, the body dies, that is, becomes lifeless and cold, and is buried in the earth, and becomes dust; but the soul cannot die. It passes, if it has been good, into a world of souls. This world, pleasant as it is, even in the pleasantest time of summer, is not to be compared with that beautiful world. There all are spirits, good, beautiful, loving, and happy beyond expression. There dear Charlie is gone, and there we too in a while shall join him!" Then leading her away, her affectionate parents sat down

to talk to her, and to comfort themselves, by relating in a simple style all the instances of the deaths of children so beautifully recorded in the Scriptures. Let no one think this would be lost on a child of four years old.

NAPOLEON IN HIS COUNCIL OF STATE.

WHILE the military talents and exploits of Napoleon have been amply described, his not less extraordinary abilities and triumphs as a legislator have been scarcely touched upon, even by his greatest admirers. Nevertheless, Europe is at this day, and must long continue to be, greatly affected by the codes of law which the hero of so many fights has left to his own and several other nations. We propose to remedy the defect of popular knowledge on this subject, by presenting a brief account of Napoleon's Council of State, and of his proceedings, and personal demeanour, as its president. It took its rise at the commencement of his life-consulship, and included some of the most eminent men of science then in France, as Chaptal, Gassendi, Fourcroy, Gay-Lussac, and Tronchet. When he became emperor, he added to it the princes of his own family, the grand dignitaries of the empire, and the ministers of state. It met twice a-week, in one of the halls of the Tuilleries; and, what may be an unexpected piece of intelligence to many, the public was as freely admitted to it as to the courts of law. Cambaceres, the High Chancellor, presided in the absence of the Emperor.

The council chamber was a large room, having a door at one of the extremities, communicating with the palace, and it was by this that the Emperor always entered. The members entered by two small doors at the opposite end. The walls of the room were embellished with various allegorical paintings, representing justice, commerce, industry, &c.; and in the front of the Emperor's seat was a painting of the battle of Austerlitz, as if to denote that the chief personage of the state held with equal firmness the scale of justice and the sword of the warrior. The councillors were seated around, according to seniority, commencing from the right. At the extremity of the hall, opposite to the Emperor, were seated the Masters of Requests, on a set of carpeted steps, slightly elevated above each other, and running across the room; and behind them sat the auditors, upon benches still more elevated; the Emperor's seat faced the great entrance. A table, covered with a cloth of plain green velvet, and an arm-chair elevated on a platform of four steps, represented the imperial throne. On the platform were also the places for the High Chancellor and the High Treasurer—the first on the right, the second on the left; and right in front of the Emperor's platform was a small table placed upon the floor of the room for M. Locré, the secretary. The sittings were generally announced for mid-day, but they seldom commenced before one o'clock; they generally lasted until six, but frequently till nine, ten, and even eleven at night. On such occasions, a table, covered with eatables and other refreshments, was always brought into the little saloon, that served as an antechamber to the council chamber; thither the members would adjourn to refresh themselves at six o'clock, and the Emperor would himself set the example, by soaking a biscuit in a glass of Madeira wine. It was seldom, too, that, on the close of any of these sittings, he did not retain some of the members to dine with him.

When the council had met, the rolling of drums under the arcades of the Tuilleries was the signal of the Emperor's approach; then the folding doors of the chamber were thrown open, and his arrival was announced by a military officer crying "L'Empereur!"

He was always attended by two aides-de-camp, and as many pages, and all present arose on his entrance, and remained standing, until the Emperor, having actively ascended the platform, bowed to the right and left, and signed to them to be seated, saying, "Now, gentlemen, let us begin." The order of the day was always presented by the High Chancellor; and the Emperor having signified the subject with which he wished to commence, the member charged to report upon it gave in his report, and the discussion opened. Never was there greater liberty of speech at the Parian tribunes, nor in any legislative assembly, than at these councils of state. Every member might speak when he pleased, and freely give his opinion; there were no written discourses, and every one was expected to speak from the impulse of the moment. This frequently gave rise to animated discussions; and in order that the members might be freed from all restraints, the Emperor generally took no part in the proceedings, but, leaning back in his chair, hacked his pencil to pieces with a penknife, or amused himself with stabbing the table-cloth before him. At other times he would amuse himself with drawing grotesque figures upon the paper placed on his table. These manual occupations of the Emperor were always the

signal for the discussion to become more and more animated, and each speaker then gave full way to his feelings. All of a sudden, however, Napoleon would put an end to the wordy warfare, by rising and saying "Enough!" He would then give a clear, faithful, comprehensive, and concise summary of the whole proceedings, and put the question at once to the vote. When it happened that the will of the majority was at variance with his own opinion, he never resisted it, but would say, "Well, I must endeavour to persuade myself that I am in the wrong." After these sittings, the more juvenile portion of the auditory generally had a scramble for the bits of paper upon which the Emperor had been scribbling.

Frequently, when the Emperor saw that a proposition which he had submitted to the council did not meet the reception he wished, there was a sort of impatience manifested in all his movements. Unable to remain still in his elbow chair, he endeavoured, by a thousand innocent distractions, to divert from its object the curiosity which invariably attached itself to him. In these cases, so soon as he saw the eye of one of the members fixed on him, he would hold out his arm, and agitate his thumb and fore-finger, to indicate that he wished for a pinch of snuff. The person addressed would of course pass his snuff-box to him with the usual rapidity with which an emperor's wants are satisfied. Napoleon would take a pinch, and then turn the box round and round in his hands, throwing about the snuff which it contained: in his abstracted mood, he always concluded by putting the box into his pocket. So many as four snuff-boxes have in this manner disappeared during a single sitting; and it was only after going out of the council chamber that he would become sensible of his inadvertency. The snuff-boxes always returned to their owners, and, in doing so, would sometimes undergo a very agreeable metamorphosis. On coming out from the imperial pocket, a wooden or tortoise-shell box was usually converted into one of gold set round with diamonds, or into one of the same material, having the Emperor's miniature upon the lid.

Notwithstanding this munificence, some of the council, whose snuff-boxes (from being either family pieces, or presents from foreign princes) were considered to be particularly valuable, by themselves and families, hit upon the plan of carrying *papier-maché* or wooden boxes, such as are exposed in the shops for twenty-five sous, or about one shilling sterling. The Emperor pocketed these all the same; and one day on going out from the chamber, where he had experienced more than ordinary contrariety of opinion, he attempted to put his handkerchief into his pocket, and continued to fumble with it, until he entered the Empress's apartment, where it tumbled on the ground. Josephine picked it up, gaily remarking, "How clumsy you have become, my dear!—permit me to replace your handkerchief." She attempted to force it into the Emperor's pocket, and in doing so discovered that the same was crammed with snuff-boxes. "What have you got here?" cried she, in astonishment, pulling out six large snuff-boxes, one after the other; "do you intend to deal in these articles?" Napoleon explained the matter to his wife; she laughed heartily at her husband's absence of mind; and next day six golden snuff-boxes, by her own orders, replaced the six paper ones which he had unwittingly purloined.

Napoleon did not seek to shine by the roundness of his periods, the choice of his expressions, or the laboured style of his perorations. He spoke without preparation, without embarrassment, and without affectation. His addresses were never inferior to those of any member of the council, and he often surpassed the most able among them in the facility with which he seized and untied the knot of an argument, in the justice of his conceptions, and in the strength of his reasoning. Nay, he was invariably superior to them in the turn of his phrases, and in the wit and delicacy of his repartees.

One day that Cambaceres endeavoured to give weight to his opinion by citing that of the Abbé Sieyès, Napoleon contented himself with replying by a negative motion of the head; on which the High Chancellor added, "And yet, sire, Sieyès possesses great depth." "Depth! depth!" exclaimed the Emperor; "hollowness, you mean—that man is as hollow as a drum, and has made as much noise in the world with as little cause."

General Gassendi, who was charged with the division of artillery at the War Office, one day fortifying his opinions with reasons drawn from the doctrines of the *Economists*, Napoleon, who was very fond of this councillor of state, but detested the *Economists*, interrupted him, by exclaiming with impatience, "But, my dear fellow, who made you so very well acquainted with these subjects?—where did you pick up such principles?" The general, who was not in the habit of speaking, made the best of the matter by saying, "Sire, it was from yourself that I learned them." "Cent mille de canons!" (his usual and favourite exclamation) cried the Emperor with animation, "what nonsense you talk!—such principles from me! who have always maintained, that if there existed a monarchy of granite, the vagaries of your *Economists* would of themselves suffice to reduce it to powder! Come, come, my dear Gassendi!—you have been sleeping at your post, and have dreamt all this." Gassendi, by nature passionate, replied sharply, "Sleep, indeed!—sleep at my post!—I defy a marmot to sleep where you are: the turmoil that you keep us

in is sufficient to banish sleep from the world!—ay, from the eyelids of Morpheus himself!" This *boutade* excited a general laugh, in which the Emperor joined heartily.

Napoleon, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, did not like flattery. During the debates on the organisation of the Illyrian provinces, which had but recently been annexed to France, it was proposed in the council to suppress the regiment of Croats. This militia, which had a peculiar organisation, had been created to protect the frontiers from the incursions and brigandages of the Turks, and had always satisfactorily executed its service. "Are you all mad?" cried the Emperor; "do you well understand the excellence of the institution—its utility—its importance?" "Sire," replied one of the council, "the Turks would not at present dare to recommence their excesses." "And wherefore should they not, monsieur?" inquired Napoleon. "Because your majesty has become their neighbour," returned the councillor. "Well, Mr. Wiseacre, and what has that to do with it?" said the Emperor. "Why, sire," stammered the councillor, "it is—that they have too much respect for your majesty's august person to dare to" "Indeed!" interrupted the Emperor, at the same time mimicking the speaker; "Sire! your majesty!—My august person!—Sarpelote! Monsieur, carry to the Turks 'your majesties' and 'august persons,' and you will see what a pretty reception of musketry they will give you!—you would have to tell us another tale, I think, if ever you came back!" The regiment of Croats was continued in their service.

Many of the *improvisations* of Napoleon, in his council of state, have been partially preserved: the following are a few fragments.

One day, speaking of political rights being accorded to foreigners of French extraction, the Emperor said—"The proudest title which any man can possess is that of being a Frenchman by birth. It is a title devolving from heaven, and which no person on earth should have it in his power to take away! For my own part, I wish that a Frenchman by extraction, were it even to the tenth generation, should be admitted to be a Frenchman the instant that he claimed the right; and that, were he to present himself even on the other side of the Rhine, and say 'I am a Frenchman!' his voice should be stronger than even the law itself: that the barriers should fall down before him; and that he should enter with triumph into the bosom of his mother country! I will, with God's help, ere I have finished my work, have it so, that a Frenchman travelling throughout Europe shall find himself every where at home!"

One of the most ardent of Napoleon's improvisations was that which he made on the project for organising into three bands the whole of the National Guard, by which project we may now see to how high a pitch he had carried his foresight. This project was presented to the council at least a year before the Russian expedition. The first band, composed of unmarried young men, was, in case of invasion, to march upon the frontier; the second, consisting of married men, was not to go beyond the department in which they resided; the third, consisting of elderly men, was to defend the head-quarters of the government. By this vast organisation, more than two millions of men would have been armed, classed, and regimented, and France thereby rendered impregnable!

Malonet spoke against this project, and declared that, if the measure were adopted, every one would take the alarm, fearing that, under pretext of defending the interior, he might be marched into foreign countries. "Gentlemen," cried the Emperor, "you are most of you fathers of families, enjoying independence, and exercising important offices. You must therefore be possessed of a certain degree of popularity, and have, so to express it, a certain number of clients; you must therefore be either very clumsy, or very lukewarm, if, with such advantages, you do not exercise a great influence over public opinion. Now, how comes it that you, who all know me so well, should suffer me to be so little known to the public at large? And when, let me ask you, have you known me resort to trickery and fraud in order to carry on my government? Am I a timid man? Do I resort to indirect measures? If I have a fault, it is certainly that of sometimes explaining myself too roundly, or perhaps too laconically. I give my orders generally, trusting their form and details to my ministers and officers who execute them; and God knows whether I have much reason to be satisfied with their mode of fulfilling them! But let that pass: I do not mean, here, to censure any body. If, then, I had need of men, I would boldly demand them of the senate, who would give them to me; and if I did not obtain them from the senate, I would address myself in person to the people; and," continued he, drawing himself up into a proud attitude, "you would soon see how the people would join me, and arrange themselves under my victorious eagles! The people, mark you, gentlemen, recognise me alone. It is by me that they enjoy, without apprehension, what they have acquired; it is by me that they see their brothers and sons impartially promoted, decorated, and enriched; it is by me that they see themselves profitably employed, and their labours rewarded. They always find me free from injustice and partiality; this they see, feel, and hear, and they need go no farther than the evidence of their senses. Be assured, then, that the people will always agree with whatever we shall ordain for their

good. Support, then, with me, gentlemen, the institution of bands of the national guard; and let each citizen know by your own example what is the post which he will have to occupy and defend in time of danger; let Cambaceres and Count Merlin there, who are chattering without listening to me, and Tronchet, who has not come to the meeting of this day—I say, let these personages put themselves in a condition to take a musket into their hands, and mount guard at the doors of their hotels. We shall then have a nation so cemented, strengthened, and united, as proudly to set at defiance the ravages of time and the hatred of mankind!"

This great project was brought before the council at least twenty times, and notwithstanding these emphatic words of the Emperor, it at length ended by being laid totally aside. Had it been adopted, Frenchmen in all probability would not have had to deplore the disaster on the plains of Waterloo.

It has frequently been a matter of speculation both in France and other countries, how it was that Napoleon, bred to arms from his boyhood, and pursuing the profession of a soldier up to the last moment of his political existence, could ever have imbibed principles of legislation, or found time to reflect, philosophise, and refine upon them. This question might easily be solved by merely referring to the universality of his genius, his natural love of justice, and his well-known benevolence; but there was a starting point, from which it appears may be dated the commencement of his career as a statesman and legislator; and we shall conclude the present article by a relation of the very singular circumstances which gave rise to the determination in the breast of a young soldier to improve the social condition of the French nation.

One evening, whilst conversing very freely and energetically at his own table, in the Tuilleries, on the subject of law-making, he astonished his auditory by his very intimate acquaintance with the several codes of laws which have prevailed in civilised countries, in ancient and modern times. At length, Cambaceres, the High Chancellor, exclaimed, "I cannot conceive, sire, how it is possible for a person so occupied as your majesty has been, all your life, with warlike affairs—living, as it were, in a camp, from your youth until the present hour, and gorged almost to suffocation and repletion with fire, smoke, and military glory—could have found time, or inclination, to read and reflect on subjects which usually occupy the whole lives of the wisest men amongst us."

"Bah! bah!" exclaimed the Emperor; "whole lives indeed! What more is necessary than to resolve to do justice impartially to all alike, and, where the law happens to be deficient, or not sufficiently explicit, to call in common sense to your aid? As to privileges, local and personal exemptions, prerogatives, and the like, they are easily decided or legislated upon, by the knowledge which every man of education has of the constitutions of his country, and the temper of his countrymen. My own maxim has always been, to do the greatest possible good to the greatest number, namely, the people; who, assuredly, have the best right to the possession of the soil itself, as well as to that of every thing which it produces; and, depend upon it, that government must be radically wrong which is not the organ of the will of the nation at large. With the help of heaven, whilst I live, I will not propose, nor suffer to be passed, any law which does not ensure the interests and speak the wishes of the whole French nation."

"I allude not," returned Cambaceres, abashed by the energetic manner of the Emperor's reply, "to the administration of your majesty's government, nor to your majesty's transcendent abilities in framing new laws or amending old ones; but that which has often excited the surprise of other members of the council, as well as myself, is the frequent reference made by your majesty—even so early as at the commencement of the consulate—to the Justinian and other codes, long since exploded or fallen into desuetude."

"Fallen into desuetude!" interrupted Napoleon; "exploded!—no such thing, my friend: the principles of justice are eternal and immutable. Man is the same now as he was five thousand years ago; he has the same wants, the same follies, and the same vices; consequently, civilisation presents him with the same laws in all ages; and it depends on the introducers or legislators only, whether such laws shall be modified or adapted to existing circumstances. But, apropos of Justinian! You are, perhaps, not aware how I became acquainted with him: it is a singular anecdote in my life, and I will now relate it to you."

Whilst I was serving in Switzerland as a sous-lieutenant, it seems that—though a very quiet and stayed young man, attending to my military duties only, which I performed punctiliously, according to the most rigid rules of discipline—I fell under the suspicion of the government of the canton wherein I was quartered, as one disaffected to liberalism and popular principles! Mark me! at the time I was essentially in spirit and in heart a Republican. That, however, was of no avail; for to be suspected or denounced, was almost to be condemned. Well, I was arrested, my sword taken from me, and I was confined, under a guard, in one of the back rooms of an old chateau. Here I remained, altogether, seven days; when, my busy adversaries being unable to substantiate their suspicions, I was liberated without any charge being brought against me, my sword restored, and I attended

my military duties as usual, until events called me to more active service. During the first evening of my confinement in the old chateau, being entirely alone, and without the least object to amuse me or occupy my attention, I took a minute survey of my dreary apartment, which I found to be wainscoted all over with dark-coloured oak. The tales I had heard in my youth of haunted towers and enchanted castles arose in my mind, as I successively viewed the oaken panels of my prison: I examined them one by one, and in a corner, next to the solitary window of the apartment, I found one, which turned out to be a kind of secret cupboard: being unfastened, I opened it; but finding it to be, as I thought, empty, I dashed to the door, and resumed my march up and down my solitary chamber, musing on my hard fate.

Returning to the same spot, in about half an hour afterwards, I again opened the cupboard, and, from mere listlessness, took another, but a more minute, survey of its inmost recesses. An old book, which lay concealed in the corner of the upper shelf, caught my eye. I instantly removed this book from its hiding place; and on taking it to the window, found it to be the Institutes of Justinian! I sat down to peruse it; and in a short time I found myself so much interested in its contents, that I continued my readings from day to day, during the whole time of my imprisonment. It was thus that I became acquainted with the Justinian Code of Roman Law; and, independently of the ennui from which the book itself relieved me, I date from this my arrest and imprisonment, whatever knowledge I possess of the fundamental principles of legislation. Nay, to this lucky incident will France owe the possession of the code which we are all now engaged in compiling."

VETTIE'S GIEL,

A NORWEGIAN SCENE.

IN the eighteenth number of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, a paper appears from the pen of a Norwegian clergyman, the Rev. U. F. Borgesen, giving an account of a remarkable pass in Norway, which bears the name of Vettie's Giel. Giel is the appellation of the country for a narrow glen, with steep precipices on both sides, and having the space between filled up by a stream. From the farm of Vettie, to which the Giel in question forms the only access, it has received the title of Vettie's Giel. Being appointed to the charge of the parish (in Bergenstift), of which this Giel formed a part, and having heard much of its dangers and sublimity of aspect, M. Borgesen determined to visit the farm of Vettie. Such a visit, he found, had never been even attempted by any previous incumbent, nor, indeed, had the oldest peasant in Farnæs (the district nearest to it) ever been on the farm of Vettie. Men lived and died in close neighbourhood to it, without ever having seen it.

Allured even by the very peril, M. Borgesen found himself, on the morning of the 13th of June, approaching the under part of Vettie's Giel. The whole district around stands at a great height above the level of the sea, so much so, that, notwithstanding the season, snow and ice were abundant on the sides of the precipitous hills. At the bottom of the Giel, the dale contracts itself more closely together, and the black mountain masses tower higher up on both sides, casting abroad their melancholy shadows. The Giel may be said to commence where a great mass of granite projects from one side of the mountains, and hangs over the river below. This rocky hill must be climbed by a steep path, and at the foot of it M. Borgesen, in addition to his first guide, got a farmer named Civid, and one of his servants, to join company. The clergyman had also to dismiss his horse here, for, though horses can pass the Giel, it is only such as are thoroughly accustomed to the path. "It is probably this hill (says M. Borgesen) which has fixed the height of the path in the Giel itself; for, otherwise, you see no reason why it should have been cut out, at such a height, on the side of a frightful wall of rock, that the person who falls over it must be dashed to pieces before he reaches the surface of the water. When you have reached the top of this hill, you turn to the right hand, and enter into the Giel itself, by a bridge of pliant trunks of trees, laid over with birch bark, and turf and gravel, that swing under your feet. The mountain here hangs a little over the passenger's head, and you willingly incline to it as to a friendly support to avoid seeing, and, if possible, to avoid thinking of, the abyss you are swinging over, but of which, the gravel thrown down by the motion of the bridge is all the way putting you in mind. You are now in the Giel. Traveller, God be with you."

The path here is not broader than that a person can just stand on it with both feet beside each other. Sometimes you have only room for one foot; nay, at times, from the quantity of loose earth and small stones which are frequently tumbling down here, and covering the whole path, you find no place at all to stand on, but must, with your foot, in a manner scrape out such a place in these loose materials, which here lie over the surface of the whole precipice, the upper part of which forms a very sharp angle with your body, while the part below approaches frightfully near to a perpendicular line."

After about three quarters of an English mile of painful travelling in this way, the traveller reaches a farm, formed by a cross valley, and the farm-house belonging to which stands within a few yards of a cataraet, two hundred fathoms in height. In continuing the journey up the Giel, a bridge, consisting of a plank or two, without side rail or any such defence, requires to be crossed, although it hangs over the cataraet itself, and the passenger is constantly involved in the rising mists. After this perilous transit, "the farther we advanced (says M. Borgesen), our road became at every step the more difficult and the more frightful. At one time you were stopped by snow that had tumbled down, and where it was only by passing quickly over the loose heaps you could avoid sliding down the steep, at once to be dashed against the rocks and to be drowned; next you stood horrified at the sight of a wall of ice, the remainder of a frozen current, by which all farther advance seemed to be rendered impossible. But for this Civid had prepared himself. With his axe he cut in the clear solid ice a notch, in which he set one foot; then another, in which he set his other foot; and in this manner continued to cut and go forward till he had reached the other side. The rest of us followed in the steps which he had thus cut. You must put on resolution; there is nothing else for it. With the utmost caution, your eye fixed steadily on the point where you are to tread, you set forward foot by foot, without stopping to draw your suppressed breath. For more than half a mile (more than three English miles), we went forward on the brink of a perfect abyss, in this manner, sometimes passing masses of snow not yet melted, sometimes those huge frozen mirrors which hung almost perpendicularly from the summit of the mountain to the gulf below, and over which the axe only, by steps scarcely a handbreadth, could form for us a dangerous path. A slip, an unsteady step, or giddiness itself, which always threatens to overwhelm the unaccustomed traveller, and in a moment the torrent becomes the grave of your mangled carcass. But such is your whole course through Vettie's Giel, on a path where it is not often you can set down both feet beside each other."

When overcome by the violence of the exertions I had to make, I stopped a moment. This rest, so far from being refreshing to me, was full of horror. It was better to go on, however exhausted. In doing so, your thoughts were so occupied with the place where you might find some footing, that you had but little time to observe the grimaces with which death seemed every where to gaze around you. But set yourself down, you cannot avoid seeing yourself sitting on the brink of an abyss; above you, the high mountain ridge hanging over your head; below, the more frightful steep sinking perpendicularly from your feet; on the opposite side of the Giel, the wildest torrents tumbling down hundreds of fathoms; whilst at the bottom, the river foaming and roaring, with a deafening sound, rushes on with the rapidity of an arrow, and the road you have to go, bent still far upon the sides of the precipice which hang over it: in short, you see nothing but Nature in her terrors. Involuntarily shut my eyes; my heart beat, and, that I might not be overpowered by these sensations, I stood up, to expose myself to new dangers. I asked my guides if any body had ever come to mischief on this way. They recollected only one person who, with a knapsack of birch bark on his back, by a false step had tumbled over from about the very spot where we were standing. From an irresistible apprehension that I might be the second, I pushed forward from such a place, but yet I found no safer way."

It began now to rain, and as the part of the path on which we were was considered as dangerous, from stones that tumble down, we made all the speed we could. The bottom of the Giel began at last to widen a little; and at Hollofs, about half a quarter of a mile from Vettie (three quarters English), it becomes about one hundred and fifty paces broad. In other places it is never above thirty ells broad, and in some places not more than six or seven. Here my guide Civid left me, and went back alone with his axe, of which he had made such good use, telling me, that now all the difficulties of the way were past; and they were so in comparison of those we had come through."

It rained now so hard, that the water ran across our path: I quickened my pace, to reach the end of this fatiguing and dangerous excursion. With all my haste, however, I could not escape being thoroughly wet. The path now descended gradually towards the river. The mountain, to the side of which, as to a wall, we had been, as it were, fastened the whole way, now turned a little off from us, leaving a broader, though an irregular way. On a sudden it goes off entirely to the right, opening a new side valley, and before I knew where I was, I stood on the fields of Vettie, only a little above the surface of the river. Heavy with my wet clothes, dropping with sweat, and exhausted by violent exertions, I was glad to reach the house-man's dwelling, which lay nearest us, there to repose a little, under cover, before I should attempt to mount the long and high hill on which stood the farm-house of Vettie."

On the road to it I was met by Olé, the goodman, who conducted me up. The family had just risen from dinner. Every thing was instantly carried off, as they did not think it good enough for me. On the table was immediately set their best butter and cheese, and smoked flesh, and flour bread; and, in short, every thing they had to please the appetite of the weary traveller. But as there was not a dry thread on me, I felt very uncomfortable in my wet clothes. The goodman found a remedy for that; and from his chest I was provided with every thing I required. Clad from top to toe in his Sunday's clothes, I sat down, metamorphosed into a Leirdaller, amidst this friendly family, who could not cease from expressing their wonder at a visit as unexpected as unheard of before, and who did not know what kindness to show me; complaining, from their hearts, that I had not given them notice, that they might have been better prepared to receive me. His wife was in an advanced state of pregnancy. I ex-

pressed my wishes for her safety on her approaching confinement; and asked her, 'How she would get the child taken to church.' 'Oh,' answered she smiling, 'when matters come that length, there will be no difficulty; the child is well wrapped up, and is carried to church, properly girt, on the shoulders of the servant-man.' 'By the same way I have come?' 'Yes; we have no other.' 'Now, then, God be with both him and the child.' 'Oh, we are not afraid of the way, we are so accustomed to it; and after a few weeks it will be better, when all the ice will be away. By God's help I shall soon come to church myself, when father* shall lead me in.' I could not but think highly of her courage, her cheerfulness and composure. The goodman told me, that at the best season in summer the Giel can be traversed by a horse, and that then every thing is thus brought to the house, on the back of his own horse, who is accustomed to this road. One is less surprised at this, when he sees the lightness of the small Leirdal horses, and their most uncommon sure-footedness, by which they can go on the smallest paths, on the side of the most fearful precipices, setting one foot before another, in such a manner that no path can be too small for them. From the farm of Vettie, the Giel is continued upward, in a stretch of three miles, so that the whole length of it is more than four miles and a half (more than thirty English miles).

Above Vettie farm, the goodman told me, it was more narrow, more difficult, and more frightful, than the part of it which I had seen. He and his people had often to go up that way for small timber, and other things necessary on the farm. On the sides of it too, were the finest valley and mountain pastures, of the greatest value for their rearing of cattle. Their corn was sometimes destroyed in harvest by frost. For more than half the year, the two families living on this farm, the farmer himself, and his house-man, are cut off from all other human intercourse. In winter, the ordinary path is impassable from snow and ice, and especially from those frequent columns which leave traces of themselves a long way on in the summer, because the sun's rays, resting but a short time over this long, monstrous gulf, it is seldom before the month of July that this ice is all away. For a short time in winter, when the river Utdale is frozen, there may be a passage along the bottom of the Giel, but not without danger from the avalanches, which with tremendous violence tumble down into the deep. In the end of harvest and the spring, all approach to and from Vettie is barred; in the end of harvest particularly, from the falling of earth and stones, which are then loosened by the frequent rains.

At a little distance behind the dwelling-house of Vettie, in the background of the dale, there rises up a large mountain precipice, over which, where a new Giel begins, there rushes the highest waterfall I had yet seen, called Markfoss. High falls, indeed, are here so common, that they do not excite much attention, especially where the mass of water is not very considerable; but what seemed to me exceedingly singular in this one, was, that the fall is so perfectly perpendicular, that not one drop of its water touches the whole side of the mountain. From the gap through which it issues, the mountain bends inward like the side of an arch, in such a manner, that if the place were accessible, one might make a passage between the mountain and the fall. As the mass of water here meets with no resistance, it makes no alarming noise; I only heard its distant sound in the bottom of the Giel, which it was impossible for me to see, as all view and all approach is barred by high sharp-pointed rocks and a chaotic assemblage of large blocks of granite. Over this precipice lie the pasture-grounds of Vettie, where are some of the finest patches of wood to be found perhaps in the whole province. Here grow the finest trees for masts, of uncommon height and thickness, unused and incapable of being used, because they cannot be got down through the fess, without being splintered into a thousand pieces. It is difficult to get even common house timber this way, for perhaps not one out of ten pieces remains of sufficient length. I saw a man going up the precipice which leads to this wood. At the distance at which I stood, he seemed like an insect creeping up a wall. By frequent turnings from one hand to another, it is rendered possible to go up a path, from which, however, nothing is more easy than to break a neck. But born and brought up as the people are here, amidst such dangers, they disregard or are not sensible of them. The boy, the youth, grows up amidst venturesome feats, and courage is his life's constant guide.

I spent the night at Vettie, and was next morning out with the goodman to have a full view of his little romantic dale, where hill and valley, wood and water, the lofty black mountain masses, over which the majestic fall poured its foaming silver, were all grouped in the most picturesque manner, in a landscape in which the strongest features of Nature were wonderfully blended with her sweetest smiles. The severe and the gay moderated one another by being mingled in one look. The chorus of the feathered tribe only was wanting in wood and forest. The temperature here is too severe for the delicate songsters of the sky; nowhere does the lark mount in his airy flight; even the thrush flies to milder regions. The cuckoo only, with his monotonous song, for a short time cultivates the silence of the wood.

I had learned from the goodwife how they carry their children from this place to church. I was curious to learn of her husband how they got the dead carried from it to the churchyard. It is impossible that two people could go beside one another in the Giel; and I could not conceive that a coffin could be placed on horseback. He gave me the following account. The dead body, wrapped in linen, is laid on a plank, in which are bored holes at both ends, to which are fastened handles of cord. To this plank the body is lashed, and is thus carried by two men, one before and another behind, through the Giel,

till they come to the farm-house of Selde, where it is laid in a coffin, and carried in the common way to the churchyard. If any one die in winter, at a time when the bottom of the Giel is not passable, or in the spring or harvest, they endeavour to preserve the body in a frozen state, which is seldom difficult, till it can be carried off in the manner I have just mentioned. Still more singular was the method which the goodman told me was employed several years ago, to convey a dead body to the grave, from a house-man's place in Vormellen. This place lies in Utdale, which borders with the fields of Vettie. It has a most frightful situation, deep in the Giel, by the side of the river, and, like Vettie, has no other road but a small steep path, on the side of the most dreadful precipices. As the inhabitants of this place have been often changed, there had been no deaths here. It happened, at last, for the first time, that a young man of seventeen years of age died. It never occurred to them to think how they should get him carried to the grave, and a coffin is prepared for him in the house. The body is laid in it and carried out; and now, for the first time, they perceive, with amazement, that it is impossible in this way to get on with it. What is to be done? Good counsel is here precious. They leave the coffin as a *memento mori* at home, and set the dead body astride on a horse; the legs are tied under the horse's belly, a bag of hay is well fastened on the horse's shoulders, to which the body leans forward, and is made fast; and in this manner rode the dead man over the mountains, to his resting place in Forthuus Church in Lyster—a fearful horseman.

After a long and fatiguing walk, I returned with the goodman to his house. A rich soup, made from excellent wedder mutton, killed the night before, smoked from the white clad table. And what is not excellent when it is presented to you by hospitable hands! So long as nature and generous simplicity is preferred to art and ceremony, so long will such a patriarchal meal, to which you are invited with a welcome from the heart, and which is gratefully received, be preferred to ostentation and extravagance. They wished me much to remain another day at Vettie; but as I had fixed to go that day to Aftdal, and then over the mountains to some of the mines at Aardal Copper-works, I was obliged to bid farewell to the worthy people, whose extraordinary place of residence I had for the first, and I believe also for the last time, now seen.

With my former guides, and a man-servant from Vettie, I set out on this fearful way back. From the heavy rain, much of the ice had disappeared; and I had the dangerous pleasure of seeing one of these masses of ice tumbling down in a thousand pieces into the gulf; over two only of the most obstinate were we obliged to cut our road over the ice. In good time I reached Ielde; and here, where nobody dreamt of danger, my horse tumbled with me over the side of a little hill. Thus ended an excursion, the whole object and the whole result of which was the view of Vettie's Giel."

THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA.

THEODORE BARON NEUHOF was one of the most extraordinary characters of the last century. He was born in the district of Marck, in Westphalia, and succeeded to a considerable patrimony, which had been for several generations in the possession of the noble family whose title descended to him. Theodore was educated in the French service, and afterwards travelled, in pursuit of various objects, into England, the Netherlands, and Italy. He showed himself to be possessed of excellent abilities, and had a strong liking for daring and romantic enterprise. While travelling in Italy, he was forcibly struck with the unsettled state of the island of Corsica, then (as it had been for several centuries) a dependency of the republic of Genoa. The Genoese had ruled the Corsicans most tyrannically, and had roused them on various occasions to insurrection. In 1720, shortly before Theodore's attention was particularly directed to the subject, the islanders had risen against their oppressors. The immediate cause of the movement was a very slight one. A *paolo*, or coin about the value of five pence (English), being due by a poor elderly woman to a Genoese tax-collector, the latter had the cruelty to seize on the poor debtor's whole effects, which exasperated her countrymen to such an extent, that they flew to arms. The Genoese were only able to reduce them by calling in the assistance of the Emperor Charles VI., who guaranteed the preservation of a treaty, signed by the Corsicans and Genoese in 1733. The Genoese, however, returned to their old system of despotism in a very brief period, and the islanders again openly resisted their authority.

Things were in this condition when Theodore Baron Neuhoft became interested in the Corsican cause. Seeing that the island had very considerable natural resources, being about a hundred miles in length and fifty broad (at its longest and broadest parts), and having a productive soil, several pretty large cities, and a considerable population, Theodore conceived that Corsica might readily reach and maintain an independent position among the European states. His romantic ambition led him to form the desire and hope of mounting its throne himself. Accordingly, he cast his eyes around him to prepare the means

and pave the way for attaining this object of his ambition. He went to Tunis, where he contrived, partly, no doubt, by the use of his own fortune, and partly by other means not very well understood, to obtain a supply of arms and ammunition. He was also successful in procuring a supply of money. He then repaired to Leghorn, whence he wrote a letter to the two chiefs Giafferi and Paoli (father of Pascal Paoli), whom the Corsicans had placed temporarily at the head of affairs, and with whom Theodore had had some slight correspondence previously. In this epistle the Baron made large offers of assistance to the Corsican people, provided they would elect him their king. He also assured Giafferi and Paoli that he had received promises of countenance from various European states—which is understood to have been really the case. In consequence of the very favourable manner in which his proffer was received, Theodore sailed for Corsica, and landed in the spring of 1736. He was at this time in the prime of manhood, was gifted with an admirable address, and had a very noble and stately personal appearance, to the dignity of which the Turkish dress worn by him added very considerably. He brought with him about one thousand *zechins* of Tunis (above £3000 sterling), besides arms and ammunition. Struck by his engaging manners, his generosity, and his assurances of foreign assistance, the Corsicans, when he was introduced to them by their chiefs, immediately proclaimed him king.

After the assembly of the island had regularly and solemnly ratified the choice of the popular voice, Theodore assumed every mark of royal dignity. He had his guards and officers of state; he conferred titles of honour, and coined money, both silver and copper, stamped with his regal lineaments. Though he indulged himself too much, certainly, in toying with these externals of majesty, he did not neglect other and more important matters. The Genoese were in possession of the fortified towns on the island, and these King Theodore immediately blocked up, besides taking other warlike and politic steps for securing and confirming his sovereignty. But, though not unsuccessful in these measures, the play, for such it may be called, drew to an end when none of the promised succours arrived from the continental states, and Theodore's own means were expended. The Corsicans grew discontented, and exhibited this feeling so strongly, that their king found it expedient to leave them. He was not deposed, however, nor did he resign his throne. He professed merely to go in person in search of the expected assistance, and settled a plan for the administration of affairs in his absence. He then quitted the island, after having reigned in it for the short space of eight months.

King Theodore found to his regret that the courts of Great Britain and France had forbidden their subjects from furnishing any kind of assistance to the malcontents of Corsica. France, indeed, had a strong party in the island, and was not averse to taking possession of it for herself. Theodore wandered up and down trying to procure assistance from other European courts, but was unsuccessful. At last a party of rich merchants in Holland, allured by his plausible story, gave him credit to a large extent, and furnished him with cannon and other warlike stores, which they, for more security, entrusted to the charge of a supercargo. Accompanied by this person, Theodore returned in 1739 to Corsica, where, to his lasting dishonour, he put the supercargo to death (if we may trust to James Boswell, in his *Account of Corsica*), "that he might not have any trouble from demands being made upon him."

Though Theodore threw in his warlike stores into the island, the Genoese, aided by the French, had recovered their authority too fully to permit him to remain upon it with safety. A high price had been set upon his head, and the poor king was obliged to relinquish his throne, and to secure his personal safety by returning to the Continent. After this period, Theodore roamed for many years among the European states, striving to procure assistance for his reinstatement on his throne, and experiencing many vicissitudes of fortune. At last he came to Britain, where he was soon reduced to great distress. He got into debt, and was finally thrown on that account into the prison of the King's Bench.

Here the unfortunate sovereign of Corsica, for such he had undoubtedly been made by the legitimate agency of the people's unanimous voice, for many years lay an unheeded captive, until his case became known to several persons of eminence in Britain. Among others who took an interest in this remarkable example of human mutability, was Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford. Walpole was at that time a contributor to the *World*, a series of Weekly Essays upon the plan of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, and in the eighth number of this periodical, issued on the 22d of Febru-

* Meaning the clergyman to whom she was speaking. It is still the custom, in the remote and simple districts of Norway, that when a woman goes first to church after her confinement, the parish clergyman meets her at the door, and leads her into church.

ary 1753, he called the attention of the British public to the unhappy circumstances of the fallen potentate. This appeal is elegantly written, and in some parts in a humorous strain, while in others, one cannot help thinking that Theodore's elevation is spoken of in a tone of seriousness, which, under the circumstances, wears a little of a mock-heroic cast. "This island (Britain)," says Walpole, after a few preliminary remarks, "ought to be as much the harbour of afflicted majesty as it has been the scourge of offending majesty. How must I blush then for my countrymen, when I mention a monarch—an unhappy monarch—now actually suffered to languish for debt in one of the common prisons of this city! A monarch, whose courage raised him to a throne, not by a succession of ambitious bloody acts, but by the voluntary election of an injured people, and the uncommon resolution of determining to be free! This prince is Theodore, king of Corsica!—a man whose claim to royalty is as indisputable as the most ancient titles to any monarchy can pretend to be; that is, the choice of his subjects."

After describing Theodore's bravery in defence of his subjects, Walpole states that he bore the loss of his crown with philosophic dignity, and makes a comparison between him and Charles V., Casimir of Poland, and James II., in a style most unfavourable to these three discredited dignitaries. "The veracity of a historian (Walpole then continues) obliges me not to disguise the situation of his Corsican majesty's revenues, which has reduced him to be a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench; and so cruelly has fortune exercised her rigour upon him, that, last session of parliament, he was examined before a committee of the House of Commons on the hardships to which the prisoners in that jail had been subject. Yet let not ill-nature make sport with these misfortunes! His majesty had nothing to blush at, nothing to palliate, in the recapitulation of his distresses. The debts on his civil list were owing to no misapplication, no improvidence of his own, no corruption of his ministers, no indulgence to favourites or mistresses. His diet was philosophic, his palace humble, his robes decent; yet his butcher, his landlady, and his tailor, could not continue to supply an establishment which had no demesnes to support it, no taxes to maintain it, no excise, no lotteries, to provide funds for its deficiencies and emergencies."

A nation so generous, so renowned for the efforts it has always made in the common cause of liberty, can only want to be reminded of this distressed king, to grant him its protection and compassion." After observing that he does not expect fleets to be fitted out, and volunteers raised, to reinstate Theodore, the writer goes on—"I cannot think it would be beneath the dignity of majesty to accept of such a supply as might be offered to him by that honorary (and to this country peculiar) method of raising a free gift, a benefit play. In the mean time, not to confine this opportunity of benevolence to so narrow a sphere as the theatre, I must acquaint my readers that a subscription for a *subsidy* for the use of his Corsican majesty, is opened at Tully's-head in Pall-Mall, where all the generous and the fair are desired to pay in their contributions to Robert Dodsley [publisher of the World, and a clever writer himself], who is appointed high treasurer and grand librarian of the island of Corsica for life—posts which, give me leave to say, Mr Dodsley would have disdained to accept under any monarch of arbitrary principles." At the close of the paper, Walpole says, "Two pieces of king Theodore's coin, struck during his reign, are in the hands of the high treasurer aforesaid, and will be shown by the proper officers of the exchequer of Corsica, during the time the subscription continues open at Tully's-head above mentioned."

This subscription actually took place, and a very handsome sum was collected. It is remarkable, that Theodore, who retained to the last a conviction of his indefensible right to the crown of Corsica, and whose brain, it is probable, had become tinged with a degree of monomania on the subject, behaved, on receiving the subscribed money, in a style harmonising with the tone of Walpole's paper. He had been informed that some gentlemen would wait on him with the sum, and made preparations accordingly. In his garret-lodging he caused his bedstead to be turned up; placed an arm-chair under the tester, which served as a canopy to this substitute for a throne; and, sitting down in this show of royal state, gave the deputation a gracious reception. This *subsidy* added much to his comforts, and he was at last freed from prison by an act of insolvency, in consequence of which he made over his kingdom of Corsica to his creditors! There was an actual registration made of this consignment, which, with the great seal of Corsica, fell into Horace Walpole's cabinet of curiosities.

Theodore did not long survive his liberation. He was buried in the churchyard of St Anne's, Soho, and a plain monument placed over his remains, with the following inscription:—"Near this place is interred Theodore, king of Corsica, who died in this parish, December 11, 1756, immediately after leaving the King's Bench Prison, by the benefit of the act of insolvency; in consequence of which, he registered his kingdom of Corsica for behoof of his creditors."

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings;
But Theodore this moral learnt, ere dead;
Fate poured its lesson on his living head,
Bestowed a kingdom, and denied him bread."

This monumental inscription came, we believe, from the pen of Walpole, and it saves the necessity of any further moralising upon the story of poor Theodore, king of Corsica.

THE O. P. RIOTS.

THE famous riots which took place in Covent-Garden Theatre in 1809, for the prevention of a rise of the prices of admission to that place of amusement, form a not unimportant chapter in the domestic history of England. The object of the contest, and the vigour and pertinacity with which it was conducted, spoke strongly of the national character. The English are a people (we speak as foreigners, and therefore without prepossession) who can endure nothing that seems unfair or over-exacting. In resisting such things, they regard not the trifle which may be the subject of dispute; the principle alone affects them, and for that they will fight to their last breath. In the case in question, they battled a matter of sixpences with a perseverance far beyond what to other nations would appear rational; yet it was exactly the same perseverance which made them fight out a twenty years' war, and which reconciles almost every individual in the country, below a certain grade, to spend his life in some narrow course of mercantile pursuit, while others take their ease, and allow their national and individual independence to slip from beneath their feet. Regarding the O. P. riots in this light, and aware that most of the present generation know them only by name, we have caused the following account of them to be drawn up, with all due care and pains, from the large and now rare volume, published at the time under the name of the *Covent-Garden Journal*.

On the evening of the 19th of September 1808, the play of Pizarro was performed in the old theatre of Covent Garden, and a number of shots were fired on the stage, as required by the business of the piece. The wadding from one of the guns, according to the only rational conjecture on the subject, chanced to lodge unobserved in some part of the scenery, and the unhappy result was the destruction of the whole building, as well as several adjacent houses, by fire. The property destroyed, as far as the theatre itself was concerned, amounted to about £100,000, and of this the sum of £70,000 only, it was understood, was recovered by insurances.

On the 31st of December following, the foundation stone of a new theatre was laid on the same site by the Prince of Wales, as grand master of the masonic order, and in the short space of ten months a superb edifice was completed, at the cost of £150,000. Such, at least, was the statement of the proprietors when they announced the opening of the New Covent Garden Theatre for the 18th of September 1809. The same advertisement informed the public, that, in place of the old rates of six shillings for the boxes, and three shillings and sixpence for the pit, the prices in future were to be respectively seven shillings and four shillings. The box half-price was also raised from three shillings to three and sixpence. The pit half-price was to remain as formerly at two shillings, and the galleries, first and second, at two shillings and one shilling, as before. The announcement of this proposed increase of charges created a most extraordinary sensation in the mind of the play-going public, which was not diminished by other innovations on the part of the managers and proprietors. One entire tier of boxes, the third of the four forming each side of the theatre, was alienated from public occupancy, being set apart as *private boxes*, to be sold or rented annually; and to each of these private boxes was attached a small room or antechamber. These apartments the public regarded as destined for the vilest uses. As some further explanation of the causes of this excitement, it may be premised, that the public in general conceived (and not without grounds) that the theatrical proprietors would be in reality *gainers* by the fire, and also that the increase of prices would never have been proposed, had not Drury Lane Theatre been shut at the time, and no rival in the field to endanger the Covent-Garden monopoly. The engagement for the season of the Italian singer Catalani, was another circumstance which met with the most marked disapprobation.

On the evening of the 18th of September, the new theatre was crowded to suffocation. The play was Macbeth, the principal part being sustained by Mr John Philip Kemble, on whom, as the manager of the theatre, and one of the largest shareholders, the burden of public censure chiefly fell, whether deservedly

or not, in the course of this remarkable contest. Before the curtain drew up, the stormy condition of the feelings of the audience was sufficiently evinced by their peremptory mode of demanding the King's Anthem. The musicians performed it; but this was not satisfactory, and the audience compelled the whole vocal corps of the establishment to come forward and sing both God Save the King and Rule Britannia, in which the whole house joined with deafening effect. Soon after, in the costume of Macbeth, Mr Kemble presented himself to speak an address, of which not one word was heard amid the volleys of hissing, hooting, groans, and catcalls, which were poured forth. The play soon after began, but it was converted into pantomime, scarcely even a tone of Mrs Siddons's voice being heard, though that inimitable performer was then in the zenith of her power. The audience, however, singled out John Kemble as their principal mark, and in the entire second act stood up with their backs turned on him. Indeed, during the whole play they kept a standing position on the benches with their hats on. For the first time, the symbolic watchword of "Old Prices" (afterwards merged in the emphatic contraction O. P.), resounded in alarming unison through the building. "No Imposition," "No Catalani," were also general cries. The only part of the play which gave pleasure to the audience, was that in which Mr C. Kemble, as Macduff, killed the representative of Macbeth. Many cried, "Well done; kill him, Charley," as if they would really have rejoiced in such a catastrophe. After the play, the farce of the Quaker was performed—in dumb show; and the whole entertainments were over before ten o'clock. But the audience did not then rise. They sat still, expecting the appearance of the managers; and had some conciliation been attempted at this time, all might have been smoothed over. But in place of managers, two or three magistrates appeared, with the Riot Act in their hands. The indignant cries of "No police in a theatre" compelled these dignitaries to retire from their ill-judged attempt. The managers erred still further in bringing forward the fire-engine to the stage-doors, as if they had intended to clear the house by means of an artificial shower. This was any thing but throwing oil on the waves of commotion. Finally, a posse of constables endeavoured to clear the pit and galleries; but equally without effect. It was not till half past twelve that the audience, of their own accord, and after singing the King's Anthem, finally left the house clear. On this night's exhibition the Times newspaper observed, "It was a noble sight to see so much just indignation in the public mind; and we could not help thinking, as Mr Kemble and Mrs Siddons stood on the stage, carrying each £500 in clothes on their backs, that it was to feed this vanity, and to pay an Italian singer, that the public were screwed." The regal robes of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth were said to have actually cost this sum.

On the second night (September 19), the house was not full till half-price, but, nevertheless, not one syllable of the entertainments was heard from first to last, from the unremitting noise of catcalls, howling, whistling, and stamping. Papers were thrown on the stage, and placards, with "Old Prices," in large letters, were exalted as standards, or pinned to the front of the boxes. The performances were over by ten o'clock, but the audience again remained to a late hour, roaring for the managers. On a cry of "Get on to the stage" being raised, a posse of Bow Street officers appeared on the stage, and its trap doors were opened, with the absurd design, seemingly, of breaking the necks of the crowd, if they attempted to storm it. At a late hour the audience dispersed. On the third night, the same scene was renewed, with additional violence and determination. It seemed to be the proceeding of a well-disciplined corps, acting under judicious and resolute leaders. Trumpets and bugle-horns were added to the vocal instruments of noise; and the play and farce, Richard the Third (the tyrant by Cooke) and the Poor Soldier, were over, in dumb show, by half past nine. On this evening Mr Kemble condescended to appear in answer to the reiterated calls of the house, but he aggravated the mischief by the unfortunate words, "Ladies and gentlemen, I wait to know *what you want*." As every box, not to speak of the pit, presented immense placards with "Old Prices" on them, this speech was not unjustly considered as a piece of "ridiculous and insulting affectation." So the house told Mr Kemble, with such a storm of accompanying indignation that he found it convenient to retire. Several gentlemen afterwards addressed the audience, and Mr Kemble was again

called forward, when one gentleman answered his former interrogatory in three words, "The Old Prices." Mr Kemble spoke in reply, and pleaded the insecurity of the concern, but made no concession; on seeing which, the audience hooted him into a retreat.

The fourth night presented again a crowded house, and a dumb-show performance. On this night a new feature in the affair became apparent. The front of the pit, and of many of the boxes, was occupied by a mob of persons, of squalid look and garb, who supported the cause of the managers, and whom the audience set down as hired for the purpose. Cries of "No hired mob!" resounded from every quarter. Placards were abundant, bearing such inscriptions as "Britons, be firm!" "No Catalani!" "No annual boxes!" "Be silent; Mr Kemble's head aches!" a witty allusion to John Philip's new mode of pronouncing the word *aches*. At the conclusion of the performance, several gentlemen addressed the audience in encouraging words, and Mr Kemble again attempted to speak; but as he showed no signs of yielding, he was forced to retire, amid a chorus of catcalls, watchmen's rattles, French horns, &c. On the fifth and sixth nights the audience proceeded in their course with unabated vigour. Many new placards made their appearance, one of which had some wit in it. "Here lies the body of NEW PRICE, an ugly child, and base-born, who died of the WHOOPING COUGH on the 23d of September 1809, aged Six Days." It lived much longer, however. On the fifth night, Mr Kemble announced that the engagement of Catalani was relinquished, and that the Governor of the Bank of England, and several other gentlemen of unimpeachable character, had consented to look over the affairs of the theatre, with the view of determining whether the proprietors were justified in making the advance of prices or not; and, on the sixth night (23d of September), he stated that the theatre would be closed till the committee had completed their inquiry, the results of which would be published.

On the 4th of October, the theatre re-opened. The public were not one whit appeased, as the report of the committee dealt only in general statements, and seemed, in short, totally unsatisfactory. The play and farce were still in pantomime, and the disturbances began to be more outrageous, in consequence of the undeniable presence of several hundreds of hirelings, chiefly inferior Jews, who were planted in the pit and boxes to intimidate the audience. The pugilists Mendoza, Dutch Sam, and others, were publicly and openly pointed out in their seats at various times. These persons, it seemed to all, never could have come there without consent of the management, and the feelings of the audience were greatly outraged in consequence. Fights, both in the pit and boxes, now became frequent, and continued every night, though the police often were successful in carrying off parties engaged. Every night some one or other was taken in custody. The Jews repeatedly challenged the O. P.'s to fight, but were finally driven out on the thirteenth night, or perhaps their employers saw the folly of continuing the opposition in this shape. By this time the audience never dispersed without a song, the King's Anthem being the favourite; and a final dance was also instituted in the pit, which soon destroyed the green cloth on the benches. Whenever the audience got tired, God Save the King was their never-failing resource to recruit their spirits. But they often sang it wretchedly out of tune. "On the seventeenth night (says a journal of these events), a man of taste in the pit took advantage of a stillness (procured with much labour for an orator, whose heart failed him at last), and pitched the song in its proper key, on which he was immediately joined by the whole house standing, and the first verse was really well executed. This done, the audience treated themselves with many rounds of applause, and, in the gaiety of their hearts, ventured upon Rule Britannia; but they had tasked themselves too highly, and pitched the song too low. They meant well, however, and applauded themselves accordingly."

On the eighteenth night, the Merchant of Venice was the play; but whether Cooke, in Shylock, was the "Jew that Shakespeare drew," or any other Jew, it was impossible to ascertain; the real performers in the house being hissers, groaners, catcallers, trumpeters, &c. On this night, hats with the letters O. P. stuck on them, on printed cards, first made their appearance, though the same letters had appeared already on the waistcoats, watch-chains, and other parts of the dresses of the audience. An Orpheus in the upper boxes also drew out a German flute, and commanded an attentive audience whilst he played the Irish air of Coolun. On the nineteenth night, the following new placards appeared in the pit:—A striking likeness of Mr Kemble in acute pain, superscribed "Pity my aches." "If Captain Bull continues his nightly cruise, he will regain his old prices, and capture the private-her." "No hired Jew, or prices new!" The pit on this night was the scene of several conflicts, and there was always room enough to form a ring for their

performance. They mostly ended in smoke. That the rings, however, might not be formed for nothing, several persons amused themselves by running as fast as they could down the pit benches, from one end to another. After the fall of the curtain, a person, having obtained silence, stood up in the pit, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I entreat your profound attention." He "could no more," and sat down. Tremendous laughs signalled such displays. Often also, when the police made an attack on the boxes, the delinquents escaped by dropping into the pit, to the unbounded delight of the many.

From the twentieth to the thirtieth night, the O. P. uproar continued, with undiminished vigour; while metal ornaments, hats, waistcoats, and placards, all sported the magic letters in abundance. On the thirtieth night, the O. P.'s thought of the new scheme of leaving the theatre in procession, which they did accordingly, visiting the newspaper offices before they separated, and cheering those which supported the O. P. cause, while they groaned and hooted its opponents. Generally the O. P.'s were in the greatest good humour. On the thirty-second night, they all joined in expressing a sort of mock indignation at a man who appeared in the garb of a venerable Jewish Rabbi. The dress, which was of course assumed for the occasion, added variety to the confusion. He wore a large black beard and slouched hat, and suffered himself to be pushed about the pit, by his companions, without betraying the slightest symptom of displeasure. While he was the object of attack, many exclaimed, "Turn him out—a Jew, a Jew!" The sham Israelite continued the deception until he was quite exhausted, when his many roaring followers allowed him to sit down and recover his wind. The row was then kept up by a very athletic man, who was at last overpowered by constables, and carried off to Bow Street. On the thirty-fifth night, the Pitites were still more frolicsome. The row, as for some time back, came to its height at the hour of half-price, when the theatre usually filled to overflowing. The O. P.'s commenced operations by clearing the centre of the pit; and when sufficient room had been thus obtained, they practised feats of agility. One man actually made a standing leap over six seats. When tired of this display, they exhibited several single-stick matches, in the gladiatorial style. An old Roman would have fancied himself in the middle of a circus for these exhibitions. A new dance was also performed by the "extra corps de ballet," to the tune of O. P. A violent stamp with the right foot was accompanied with the exclamation O, while the left beat the benches to the sound of P. During this heavy fandango, the house absolutely shook. The Pitites also found out the knack of reiterating O. P. in unison, the effect of which upon the ears was tremendous.

All this while the question was exciting as much agitation without the walls of the theatre as within them. The newspapers ranged themselves on various sides, and were daily filled with letters and pasquinades, on one side or other. The coffee-houses were crowded with disputants on the subject, and the manufacturers and shopkeepers took advantage of the affair to vend all sorts of articles marked with the cabalistic letters. The sense of the public was against the theatrical people, both among the upper and lower classes. Respectable and grave professional men did not disdain to deck themselves with the O. P. symbols, and appear in the theatre with them, while ladies of rank and character countenanced the same cause. An eminent barrister, named Clifford, appeared with an O. P. hat on the 31st of October, and was taken into custody. He entered a suit against Mr Brandon, the box-keeper, for illegal imprisonment; the issue of which trial, as well as of the trials of others seized in the theatre for rioting, will be alluded to immediately. In the mean time, the course of proceedings within the theatre must receive our continued notice.

"On the forty-first night (says the O. P. historian) the row commenced in the third act of 'Speed the Plough,' and, at half-price, increased to the usual pitch. After much pushing and bustling, the Pitites opened their ball with the O. P. dance. Wrestling and broad-sword play were practised in the highest style. During the scene of confusion, a party of constables sallied, with the intent of securing a few of the gladiators and dancers. The conflict was severe, but the O. P.'s soon cleared the field." A Mr Cowlam, however, was seriously injured by a baton-stroke, and was carried out amid the lamentations of all. On the forty-second night, as they had frequently done before, the O. P.'s directed their outcries against the private boxes, and, by their language, speedily caused a few ladies present in them to retire. The fifty-eighth night was an era in the struggle, as on that day, to the indescribable gratification of the O. P.'s, Clifford gained his suit, with L.5 damages, against Brandon the box-keeper. New vigour seemed to be inspired into the O. P.'s by this event. On the fifty-ninth night, two persons in the pit appeared in white nightcaps, and one of them exhibited a large O. P. cut out of pasteboard. The O. P. put round his neck, and held up the P in the most comic manner. The other knight of the white cap entertained himself by cracking a whip, and blowing a whistle in the handle. These gentlemen made their appearance next night in similar style, and were cheered on their entrance; an honour which made them as proud as victors at the Olympic games. On the sixty-third night, the Duke of Gloucester appeared in the theatre, and was loudly

cheered. He was, besides, favoured with a sonorous chant of God Save the King, and with a vigorous specimen of O. P. dancing. On this night, a person with a tremendous false nose, exceeding that described by Slawkenbergius, and a monstrous counsellor's wig, excited much laughter. He occasionally mounted a white nightcap, and heightened the effect of his appearance by the cool gravity with which he talked to a companion who wore a red silk handkerchief round his head. A desperate but ineffectual attempt was made by the police to seize the gentleman with the nose. They carried off some persons, however, to Bow Street, as indeed they did almost every night. On the sixty-fourth night, the expression of Job Thornberry, in John Bull, that "he would stay till the roof fell on him," was paraphrased by the O. P.'s, who roared that they would stay till the roof fell on O. P. Then the frolicsome mob set to work to prove the endurance of their spirit. Sham boxing-matches, among other entertainments, were got up, which usually terminated in a mutual horse-laugh from the combatants, to the no small amazement of the uninitiated part of the company.

Though the spirit of the O. P.'s was unabated, it was not so by this time with their opponents. Obstinately as the proprietors had been, their patience was at length worn out. On the announcement of a dinner of the O. P.'s to be held in the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Mr Kemble expressed a wish to the chairman, Mr Clifford, to appear with conciliatory proposals. On the sixty-sixth night (14th of December) a number of O. P.'s arrived at the theatre, and announced to the audience that Mr Kemble had just entered into a capitulation at the Crown and Anchor, on which the cries for Kemble became loud and long. The great actor did at length appear, and repeated on the stage his proposals for peace. The private boxes were to be restored to the public, and the pit to return to its old price, while, at the same time, all legal prosecutions were to be stopped. Mr Kemble proposed that the boxes should continue at the advanced price. The majority of the audience were so far satisfied, but there was a general cry for the dismissal of Brandon the box-keeper. This consummation of the wishes of the house was not attained till the succeeding night, when Mr Kemble, after an interval of sixty-five nights, re-appeared as a performer in the comedy of the Wheel of Fortune. On this sixty-seventh night of the O. P. tumult, the house was excessively crowded. As if to give solemnity to the scene, the audience called for God Save the King, and joined in it with heart and spirit. Kemble was received with general applause, but this applause became universal when he announced, with other apologetic remarks, that Brandon had resigned. Then he had the pleasure of seeing placards waving in the air, with the inscription, "WE ARE SATISFIED."

This was the close of one of the most curious scenes of excitement that have ever been witnessed in any country or age. From the very first, the O. P. disturbance did not wear the appearance of a common tumult, but, on the contrary, took and maintained the semblance of an organised and determined resistance to an oppressive change. As Mr John Kemble was but one of a pretty numerous body of proprietors, it was perhaps unfair in the public to concentrate their indignation so much upon his head; yet, from his influential position, and a known spice of haughty pride in his otherwise amiable character, it seems not improbable that he swayed greatly the counsels on the side of the proprietors. But "Black Jack" (as he was popularly called) was taught in the end that those who live by the breath of public favour, must sail the way it blows. Unfortunately, such is the length to which these notices have already extended, that we can only give a verse of the many pasquinades which appeared during the O. P. contest. Alluding to a rumoured design on the part of Mr Kemble to leave the stage, a Morning Chronicle poet thus sings—hitting at the same time with all his might at the great actor's rather finical (though generally beneficial) attentiveness to periods and pronunciation:—

The first of critics—first of actors—
First of semicolon-factors—
Out of patience with the age,
Swears, alas! he'll quit the stage!
Who shall now, of all his cronies,
To their kind protection take,
All his *carri-a-tions*—
Made for variation's sake?
Who shall fix, with equal care,
Points—in doublets or in speeches?
Who adjust, with such an air,
Slashed soliloquies—or breeches?

A poet of the Public Ledger, on the other hand, speaks of the O. P.'s as the

loud dunce in boxes and pit,
Of clamour and nonsense the instruments willing,
Who care not a shilling for genius or wit,
While their own is confined to the care of a shilling.
Ye critics, who jingle your bells at your ease,
And flourish on foolscap appropriate wit,
Put both round your noddies instead of O. P.'s,
And seem to the stage what ye are in the pit.

To conclude this long notice of the O. P. convulsion, it may be mentioned, that, out of sixty persons brought on account of the affair before the Westminster sessions, true bills were found against twenty-five of them.

But, by the terms of pacification, as has been mentioned, these charges were departed from by the managers of the theatre. It is somewhat remarkable, that, in a tumult continued nightly, and with so much violence, for upwards of two months, only two persons received injuries at all serious or dangerous. Many a black eye, bloody nose, cracked scone, and sore rib, resulted from the contest, but these were not mishaps very heavily to be deplored. After all, one can laugh with much more freedom at the O. P. row, on account of this guiltlessness of blood.

PARALLEL LINES OF GLEN ROY.

THE vale of Glen Roy, in Inverness-shire, is situated on the east side of the line of the Caledonian Canal, and opens into that part of it which lies between Fort William and Loch Lochy. Glen Roy runs nearly in a north-eastern direction, and extends, in all, to about eighteen miles in length. The breadth of the vale varies considerably, being affected in this respect by the junction of other glens. At its lower part, Glen Roy presents an extremely picturesque appearance, the hills bounding it on each side being gracefully undulated, and sprinkled here and there with wood, while the floor of the vale, through which a fine stream flows, is scattered with trees, cottages, and patches of cultivation. But these are common beauties of nature. On the faces of the hills of Glen Roy, and at heights precisely corresponding on the two sides, are traced to the eye three strong lines, absolutely level, and parallel to each other and to the horizon, but at different distances from each other. Their mathematical exactness gives them an artificial aspect, leading the spectator to consider them rather as cords interposed between his eye and the hill sides, than as a part of the natural scenery. On examination, these appearances are found to result from the existence of tracks along the hills, having a faint resemblance to roads, and varying in breadth from fifty to seventy feet. Their surface is never level. It lies at various angles with the horizon, from thirty degrees and upwards to ten or twelve. Both their interior and exterior angles are very much rounded, and they consist always of the same materials as constitute the ground around them. The distance, vertically, between the uppermost of these three lines and the second, is eighty-two feet, and between the second and the lowest one the distance is two hundred and twelve feet. Presenting the same undeviating regularity of parallelism, these lines are seen to wind more or less distinctly along Glen Roy and all its tributary glens, to the extent in all of a vast number of miles.

These remarkable tracks were unheard of by the world in general, until the publication of Mr Pennant's work on Scotland, a short time before the close of the last century. They then received the name of *Parallel Roads*, from a mistaken idea, entertained by the natives of the Highlands, relative to their origin. They were said to be artificial—made by human hands—and to have served to facilitate the sport of hunting in Glen Roy, in the days of Fingal, or, at least, of the Fingalian dynasty. Hence do the Highlanders style them the Fingalian Roads. Strange to say, this notion, which, as we hope by and bye to convince the reader, can only with propriety be compared to that which ascribes the splitting of the Eildon mount into three peaks to Sir Michael Scott's magic wand—this notion received the countenance of Professor Playfair, who was the first visitor of note to the Parallel Lines. He at least considered them works of art. After more particular reference to the localities around Glen Roy, we shall advert to the true explanation of these Parallel Lines.

Glen Roy opens, as has been said, into the Great Caledonian Glen, at a point between Fort William and the south end of Loch Lochy. Another vale, called Glen Spean, terminates in the same opening as Glen Roy, or, to speak more intelligibly, the two unite to form one common mouth, at a short distance from Loch Lochy. On branching away from Glen Spean, Glen Roy turns to the north-east, and after a course of eleven or twelve miles, appears to terminate. But, in reality, its level is only raised, for the same vale continues to hold its course eastward for four miles or so, till it nearly reaches the site of Loch Spey, on an elevation which constitutes the highest water level of the country. The vale, by this change of level, is thus naturally divided into Upper and Lower Glen Roy. The former of these divisions is of an oval shape, and the hills on each side give rise to small streams, which unite in the bottom of the vale to form the Roy. In Upper Glen Roy, one only of the *Lines* or tracks alluded to is seen; and this, when examined by proper instruments, is found exactly to correspond in level with the uppermost of the three Lines in Lower Glen Roy, of which, indeed, it is an uninterrupted continuation. At the point where the Upper and Lower Glens unite, a flat rock stands out from one side, making a barrier as

it were between them, and permitting passage to the waters of the Roy on the one side, while on the other side, from the crooked shape of the rock, a nook or angle is formed between it and the first hill of the Lower vale. The Line is not seen on this rock (being never, in truth, visible on rocky ground), but it is of importance to notice, that, on the hill forming one side of the nook (or *cul de sac*), the Line is clearly defined. In proceeding down Glen Roy, as the altitude decreases, two Lines become distinctly apparent, on each side of the vale, and corresponding in level with the two upper Lines farther down. About two miles below the termination of Upper Glen Roy, an opening occurs on the right, leading to Glen Turrit, on the hill-sides of which, the two uppermost Lines are visible, and the highest of these is prolonged far into the glen. Between Glen Turrit and Glen Fintec, another vale farther down, the three Lines present themselves, and are partially continued into Glen Fintec, as well as into a vale still farther down, called Glen Glatic, at a short distance below which, the vales of Glen Roy and Glen Spean are united. One of these Lines, the lowest, is also extensively marked throughout Glen Spean, which terminates in Loch Laggan, and has a lateral connection with the vale of Loch Traig. Glen Spean is considerably above twenty miles in length. The whole course of these lines, therefore (and their principal windings only have been here mentioned), is most extensive, as has been already stated.

Though the level of these Lines is generally one and the same, wherever they are found in whole or in part, there are exceptions. Often, however, the defective level is plainly owing to the subsidence or derangement of patches of the alluvial surface on which they are marked; and in many cases, the difference in level is merely apparent, arising from inequalities in the ground. There are a few other circumstances of interest, that have not been adverted to, relative to the course of these Lines, but they will fall incidentally under notice in the course of the succeeding remarks on their origin.

It would be a waste of labour to expend it in controverting the theory which holds these Lines to be roads made by the hands of the Fingalians, or any other set of men. One argument seems to us to settle the matter. Would any human being that wished to make to himself a passage any where, construct roads in all the parts already passable, and do nothing to such parts as were inaccessible? Yet this has been done in the instance before us, if we are to regard these Lines as works of art. Every piece of soft ground, already traversable with ease, has been laboured at and levelled, while every rock, and rocky scour, has been left untouched. Moreover, if a moreover be required, would any reasonable human being adopt the capricious arrangement of laying down roads in perfectly parallel lines, or begin them at the top of heights and end them at the base? Or make roads seventy feet broad, and at an angle of thirty feet to the horizon? The idea is ridiculous.

Sir James Hall, on seeing these Parallel Lines, ascribed them to his favourite geological agents—torrents or deluges. Lord Selkirk conceived them to be merely terraces of the same nature with those found in almost all alluvial straths, and which terraces are merely the deserted banks of the vale streams, when they flowed at different levels. But the parallelism is an insuperable objection to all theories which attribute these Lines to running water.

There is, in truth, but one rational explanation of these remarkable appearances, and this we owe to the excellent geologist, Dr Macculloch. He held these lines to mark the shores of ancient lakes, or of one lake which had stood at various levels, and had undergone successive drainages. The first point in support of this opinion is, that existing lakes, in similar situations (Loch Ness, for example), have shores in every point resembling these Lines. Such lakes may generally be described as occupying the bottoms of deep vales, the hills descending straight to the water's edge on each side. It is always found that for a short way into the lake, there is a shallow beach or shore, at an inclination like that of the Glen Roy Lines, and beyond which the water deepens of a sudden to many fathoms. Where, however, the water leans against a rocky precipice, no such shore is ever formed; and such is also the case with the *parallel roads*. It is further observable, that when a stream of some size enters a lake, a delta or collection of soft soil is usually formed at the point of influx. Looking at those parts of the Lines where the stream of the Roy must have once entered Loch Roy (if the drained sheet may be so termed), we find deltas of this very nature, and the same is the case at the points where other streams once must have entered the lake. When the lake was drained, it is plain that these streams, having a new fall, would cut their way through this deltid matter. In this very manner is the passage of these streams marked by abrupt cuts at the quarters in question.

The supernumerary and irregular Lines that cannot be accounted for in the way formerly mentioned, may be readily supposed to have been incidentally formed during the subsidence of the waters of the lake, when much alluvial matter must have been in motion. The height at which the waters of the lake must have stood when the superior Line formed the shore, may be thought by many to be a difficulty in the way of this theory, but it is really none. The upper Line of Glen Roy is at the height of 1266 feet above the Ger-

man Sea. The neighbouring sheet, Loch Spey, stands at the height of 1254 feet above the same ocean. The mere altitude, therefore, at which Loch Roy must have at first been placed, is not a matter to cause great wonder, yet it was most probably this very altitude which caused the drainage. Being elevated above the most solid and strong parts of the neighbouring heights or barriers, the waters would have less difficulty in wearing them away and finding an escape.

It is in determining the position of the removed boundary or barrier of the ancient lake, that the chief difficulty in the way of this theory lies. As there is no Line seen in Glen Spean but the lowest of the three, it seems extremely probable that the first and second of the three Loch Roys were confined to Glen Roy and its tributary glens. This is countenanced by the fact, that the top ground of Glen Spean is inferior in elevation to the upper Lines. The missing boundary or barrier, therefore, may have stood immediately at the junction of Glen Roy and Glen Spean. On breaking its barrier for the second time, and pouring its waters into the Great Caledonian Glen, Loch Roy appears also to have opened a way into Glen Spean, and to have included it within the bounds of the third lake. This, doubtless, is mere conjecture, but every attempt to explain this point must be conjectural, as we can never say with certainty in what state the apertures of Glen Roy and Glen Spean originally were. There is one difficulty in the way of a satisfactory conclusion on the subject of the ancient lakes, which ought to be noticed. Through Glen Turrit there is a communication between Glen Roy and a distinct vale called Glen Gloy, which opens into the Great Caledonian Glen near the middle of Loch Lochy. Now, this communication is below the level of the highest Line, and therefore the first Loch Roy ought to have extended into Glen Gloy. And in truth there is a Line found in Glen Gloy, but two accurate and separate observations agree in describing it as being twelve feet above the level of the highest Line of Glen Roy. If this be the case, we must imagine a separate lake to have existed in Glen Gloy, and that its waters opened a partial way into Glen Roy, as well as a complete one into the sea. The cause of the first breaking down of the barriers of the ancient lake, must be left in some measure to conjecture. The corroding effect of the streams issuing from it, is an agency sufficiently powerful, as has been seen in numerous instances in other regions, to have produced the irruption. Earthquakes or convulsions, again, may possibly have been the cause; but if they were instrumental in producing the subsidence of the first lake, there is strong proof that they did not occasion the succeeding effluxes. If it had been so, most certainly there would have been a derangement more or less extensive of the first Lines.

Some have been inclined to imagine that these Glens were once arms of the sea, and that the Lines were ocean-beaches. This hypothesis would free us from the necessity of searching for barriers; but that the sea has made a change in its level of 1266 feet, is an assumption which few will be inclined to give in to. The Lines are certainly of great antiquity, but they are as certainly of later formation than the present disposition of sea and land, since which time the sea can scarcely be held to have undergone such changes of level as this. Besides, a thousand other glens ought, upon this supposition, to present the same phenomena as Glen Roy. Other insuperable objections, in short, apply to this as to every theory on the subject of these Lines, except that which ascribes them to the subsidence of ancient lakes.

These views, we are well aware, will not be palatable to our Highland readers. The Fingalian fable is so much endeared to them, as a supposed proof of the ancient greatness of their country, that they will not easily be brought to abandon it for any merely natural explanation. But truth is above all things, and must ultimately prevail. There is one circumstance, not generally known in the Highlands, which must surely go far to stagger the Fingalian theory. Lines exactly similar to those in Glen Roy exist in various other parts of the world—Savoy, for instance, Switzerland, and South America. Captain Basil Hall gives an interesting account of the valley of Coquimbo, in Chili, which seems in this respect exactly to resemble Glen Roy. There are three Lines, on both sides of the valley, besides traces of a fourth. The uppermost is about three or four hundred feet above the level of the sea, the second two hundred and fifty feet from the bottom of the valley; and the third twenty yards lower. The levels are in some places half a mile broad, but their general breadth is from twenty to fifty yards. They are formed entirely of loose materials, principally water-worn stones, from the size of a nut to that of a man's head. Each of these roads resembles a shingle beach, and there is every indication of the stones having been deposited at the margin of a lake which has filled the valley up to those levels. "The theory which presents itself to explain these appearances," says Captain Hall, "supposes a lake to have been formed in the valley, no matter how, and to stand at the level of the highest road till a flat beach is produced by stones being washed down from above: the water in the lake is next conceived to wear away and break down a portion of the barrier across the valley; this allows the lake to discharge part of its waters into the sea, and consequently lowers it to the second level, and so on successively, till the whole embankment is washed away, and the valley left as we now see it."

COQUETRY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE following account, which is given in Sir James Melville's Memoirs of his Embassy from Mary Queen of Scots to Queen Elizabeth, conveys an amusing description of female vanity and court artifice, and illustrates how far a rivalry of personal charms and accomplishments entered into the spirit with which Elizabeth persecuted the Scottish princess:—"The queen, my mistress, had instructed me to leave matters of gravity sometimes, and cast in merry purposes, lest otherwise I should be wearied, she being well informed of that queen's natural temper. Therefore, in declaring my observations of the customs of Dutchland, Poland, and Italy, the buskins of the women were not forgot, and what country weed I thought best becoming gentlewomen. The queen said she had clothes of every sort, which every day thereafter, so long as I was there, she changed. One day she had the English weed, another the French, and another the Italian, and so forth. She asked me which of them became her best? I answered, in my judgment the Italian dress, which answer I found pleased her well, for she delighted to show her golden-coloured hair, wearing a caul and bonnet, as they do in Italy. Her hair was more reddish than yellow, curled in appearance naturally. She desired to know of me what colour of hair was reputed best, and whether my queen's hair or hers was best, and which of them two was fairest. I answered, the fairness of them both was not their worst fault. But she was earnest with me to declare which of them I judged fairest. I said she was the fairest queen in England, and mine the fairest queen in Scotland. Yet she appeared earnest. I answered, they were both the fairest in their countries; that her majesty was whiter, but my queen was very lovely. She inquired which of them was of highest stature? I said my queen. Then, said she, she is too high, for I myself am neither too high nor too low. Then she asked what kind of exercise she used? I answered, that when I received my dispatch, the queen was lately come from the Highland hunting. That when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading of histories. That sometimes she recreated herself in playing upon the lute and virginals. She asked if she played well? I said reasonably for a queen.

That same day, after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdean drew me up to a quiet gallery, that I might have some music, but he said he durst not avow it, where I might hear the queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing her back was towards the door, I entered within the chamber, and stood a pretty space, hearing her play excellently well, but she left off immediately, as she turned her about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary to shun melancholy. She asked how I came there? I answered, as I was walking with my Lord of Hunsdean, as we passed by the chamber door, I heard such melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how, excusing my fault of homeliness, as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed; declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me for so great an offence. Then she sat down now upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her, but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee, which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She then called for my Lady Strafford out of the next chamber, for the queen was alone. She inquired whether my queen or she played best? In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise. She said my French was good, and asked if I could speak Italian, which she spoke reasonably well. I told her majesty I had no time to learn the language perfectly, not having been above two months in Italy. Then she spake to me in Dutch, which was not good; and would know what kind of books I most delighted in, whether theology, history, or love matters? I said I liked well of all the sorts. Here I took occasion to press earnestly my dispatch; she said I was weary sooner of her company than she was of mine. I told her majesty that though I had no reason of being weary, I knew my mistress, her affairs called me home, yet I was staid two days longer, till I might see her dance, as I was afterwards informed; which being over, she inquired of me whether she or my queen danced best. I answered, the queen danced not so high nor so disposedly as she did. Then, again, she wished that she might see the queen at some convenient place of meeting. I offered to convey her secretly to Scotland by post, clothed like a page; that under this disguise she might see the queen, as James V. had gone in disguise to France with his own ambassador, to see the Duke of Vendom's sister, who should have been his wife, telling her that her chamber might be kept in her absence, as though she was sick; that none needed to be privy thereto except my Lady Strafford, and one of the grooms of her chamber. She appeared to like that kind of language, and only answered it with a sigh, saying, "Alas, if I might do it thus!" The following opinion, which Melvil gave the Queen of Scots upon his return, of Queen Elizabeth's real feelings, shows the sagacity of the envoy:—"She inquired whether I thought that queen meant truly toward her inwardly in her heart, as she appeared to do outwardly in her speech? I answered freely, that, in my judgment, there was neither plain dealing, nor upright meaning, but great dissimulation, emulation, and fear, lest her princely qualities should oversoon chase her from the kingdom, as having already hindered her marriage with the Archduke Charles of Austria. It appeared likewise to me, by her offering unto her with great appearing earnestness my Lord of Leicester, whom I know at that time she could not want."

LETTER-WRITERS.

Some there are, whose labours might be spared. They fill the first page with apologies for not having answered me earlier: this is worse than their silence. The next thing is, to echo every circumstance I have related for

their amusement; and their sentences, one after the other, set out with, "Your account of"—"How delighted you must have been when"—"I envy the journey you had from"—"As you observe, the climate must be"—and so on, to the end of the chapter; and this they call answering me! Then follow loving remembrances from all the family, severally and collectively. And they finish with another apology, far more reasonable than the first, for having "troubled me with so much nonsense." There are others who fly off into the opposite extreme. To execute something worthy of being sent across the channel, and of the postage, they tense their brains for a fit subject, ponder on the best things that may be said upon it, and send you, not a letter, but an intolerable essay.—*New York Mirror.*

REPLY TO AN INVITATION TO DINE WITH OLD SCHOOLFELLOWS.

[These verses are the composition of an elderly gentleman, singular for his being much less disposed to admire the past, than to hope for the future. There is much truth in them, though only the truth of one side of the question.]

When I look back through threescore years,
And trace the strath of Tyne,
And Ganges' banks, and topes and tanks,
Which Hindoos deem divine,
I thank my stars I left the wars,
That health and peace are mine,
And would not change my present range
For auld langsyne.

'Tis true no friendly fig-tree's shade
Invites me to recline,
Nor is my bed luxurious spread
Beneath the clust'ring vine;
Yet, round and rough, I've quite enough,
Ay, more than eight in nine;
Am better clad, and hous'd and fed,
Than lords were langsyne.

Though Wallace wight, sublime in fight,
Had patriotic views,
He could not dream of feats by steam,
And books, and sheets of news!
And Good Queen Bess, arch-sorcress,
Made saints shed tears of brine.
Then wherefore praise the Golden Days
Of auld langsyne?

We've crimes and cant, I freely grant,
But those who read will find,
In cant and crimes the Good Old Times
Were not a whit behind.
Blow off the dust, and scour the rust,
Still polish and refine,
And ev'ry move will more improve
On auld langsyne.

Let none pretend to tell the end,
For none on earth can know;
But, since the Fall, there's been o'er all
A progress sure though slow.
And as soon shall the low heath-bell
Out-shoot the mountain pine,
As what's now known be overthrow'n
By auld langsyne.

In boyhood, sports and pranks and plays,
Rude health with mirth combine;
But grammar rules, though fram'd for schools,
Make cherub faces whine.
The doleful bell's appalling knell
Still thrills along my spine!
Its jangling chain, through ev'ry vein,
Says—auld langsyne.

Mild Abernethy's manly look
Was wont on youth to shine:
When canker'd *Cubby* held the book,
I ne'er could scan the line.
Mishus mishorum, harum horum,
Gerund and supine,
On such like slang the changes rang
In auld langsyne.

No mellow reminiscence springs
From what was taught me young;
My slender store of useful lore
From after labour sprung.
With those whose brain can rules retain,
To cope I've no design,
And only mean to vent my spleen
On auld langsyne.

I pity those who take repose
In what was taught of yore;
Who look behind, but still are blind
To all that lies before.
On what's gone by I cast an eye,
To reason yield the reyne,
Embrace the new, and say adieu
To auld langsyne.

Enjoy the treat, though thus I prate,
For still my heart-strings twine
Around my old though absent friends,
Including thee and thine.
But, leave the boys for festive joys
At alma mater's shrine;
At such an age I'll not engage
To pledge auld langsyne.

May good befall you one and all,
Though I the feast decline;
Oft may you meet, and grateful eat,
And ne'er at fate repine.
May God still grant what here we want;
And when we life resign,
Disclose a new and brighter view
Than auld langsyne.

R. S.

* Soubriquet of my Greek and Latin teacher.

HONOUR AND HUMANITY.

In the year 1746, when England was at war with Spain, the Elizabeth of London, Captain William Edwards, coming through the Gulf from Jamaica, richly laden, met with a most violent storm, in which the ship sprang a leak, that obliged him, to save the lives of his crew, to run into the Havannah, a Spanish port.

The captain went on shore, and directly waited on the governor, told the occasion of his putting in, and that he surrendered the ship as a prize, and himself and his men as prisoners of war, only requesting good quarter.

"No, sir," replied the Spanish governor, "if we had taken you in fair war at sea, or approaching our coast with hostile intentions, your ship would then have been a prize, and your people prisoners; but when, distressed by a tempest, you come into our ports for the safety of your lives, we, the enemies, being men, are bound, as such, by the laws of humanity, to afford relief to distressed men who ask it of us. We cannot, even against our enemies, take advantage of an act of God. You have leave, therefore, to unload your ship, if that be necessary to stop the leak; you may refit her here, and traffic so far as shall be necessary to pay the charges; you may then depart, and I will give you a pass, to be in force till you are beyond Bermuda: if after that you are taken, you will then be a lawful prize; but now you are only a stranger, and have a stranger's right to safety and protection." The ship accordingly departed, and arrived safe in London.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

A CATCH.

The following description of a catch by Dr Calcott, is given in the Musical World; the words run thus:—

"Ah! how, Sophia, can you leave
Your lover, and of hope bereave!
Go, fetch the Indian's borrowed plume,
Yet, richer far, than that, your bloom;
I'm but a lodger in your heart,
And more than one, I fear, have part."

Now, in reading the above, there is nothing particular to be seen; but when the words are sung as Dr Calcott intended they should be, there is much to hear; for one singer seems to render the first three words thus—"A house on fire," repeating *phia*, *phia*, with a little admixture of cockneyism, fire! fire! Another voice calls out, lustily, "Go fetch the engines, fetch the engines;" while the third coolly says, "I'm but a lodger, I'm but a lodger," &c.; consequently, he does not care whether the house be burned down or not. This elucidation will give a pretty good idea of the real meaning and character of a musical catch.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Every stranger who goes to Verona is sure to have his sympathy moved, and his curiosity excited, by what is called "the Tomb of Juliet;" and there is no man who has read Shakespeare that will not hasten to the spot where it lies, regardless, at the moment, whether it be real or not. It is well known that this part of Italy had furnished to our immortal bard the materials of a tragedy, which, for all the pathetic details of hapless love and devoted constancy, stands unrivalled in any language. And though much of legendary exaggeration is superadded to the circumstances of the catastrophe, yet the main fact is attested by the local history of Verona; and therefore the mind is disposed to admit the probability that the excavated oblong stone which is now pointed out in the neglected ruins of an old Franciscan monastery, might have once contained the beauteous form of the unhappy Juliet. Count Persico, one of the native nobility, who has published a very interesting work on the curiosities of Verona, and of the provinces adjacent, thus narrates the melancholy story of Romeo and Juliet:—"In the year 1303, or about that time, Bartholomew della Scala, being captain of the Veronese, Romeo de Monticelli was enamoured of Juliet de Cappelletti, and she of him, their families being at the time in bitter enmity with each other on account of party feuds. As, therefore, they could not be openly married, a private union took place between them. Shortly afterwards, Romeo having in an affray of the two factions killed Tebaldo, the cousin of Juliet, was obliged to seek for safety in flight, and proceeded to Mantua. His unhappy spouse, afflicted beyond measure, sought commiseration and counsel from the intermediate agent of her secret marriage, seeing that there was no longer any hope of a reconciliation between families now still more incensed against each other than before. Therefore, by a preconcerted arrangement, Juliet procured a sleeping draught, and shortly after, according to common report, yielded up her life. Romeo having been apprised of the dire news, before he heard that she was only apparently dead, resolved, in the bitterness of his anguish, to take poison, and die likewise. Previously to his doing so, however, not entirely despairing of her life, he went to Verona, and availed himself of the evening hour to enter the monastery. Being here assured that his Juliet had been interred not long before, he swallowed the poison, which he had with him, and hastened to the tomb, where their mutual friend pointed out the way by a passage beyond that which was ready for his return. The friar wondered very much what had happened to Romeo, unconscious of the hard fate that awaited him. While he endeavoured to assure him that the lady was not in reality dead, the poison began to operate, and now on the very verge of death he called on his Juliet with a faint voice. She awoke, and scarcely recognised him. Romeo expired, and Juliet breathed for a moment only to share his hapless doom.

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